

THE RIVAL

VOL. I. No 8.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1906.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

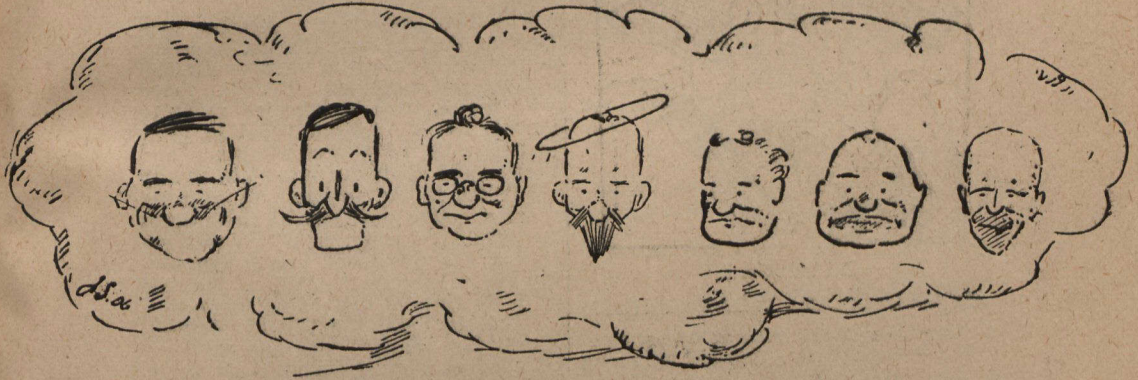
THE STAFF.

Manager—S. F. Robertson.
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Sub-Editor—W. G. Bell.
Publisher—G. T. Beardmore.

The Rival will, after this, be completely a college paper, with accounts of all college matches, etc.

The subscription will be 25c from now till Christmas.

Published every two weeks.



AN OPENING-DAY PSALM.

(With Profound Apologies.)

"And once again, those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

HEBREW WIT.

Ike—"I say, Goldstein, will you have a cigar?"

Goldstein—"Vy, vot iss the matter with it?"

A Hebrew falls into the river, and is swimming ashore, when an Irishman shouts at him: "Don't you know there is a \$50 fine for swimming here?" The Hebrew says: "I won't pay it." Puts up his hands and sinks.

Ikey (with newspaper in his hand)—"Give a look, give a look."

Abe—"Vat's the matter, Ikey?"

Ikey—"Medicine is advertised for half price and I ain't sick.

"Who was dat lady I saw with you to-day?"

"Dat vas no lady; dat vas my wife."

Captain—"All is lost. We cannot save the ship."

Moses—"Do you hear vat he say? Ikey, the ship is going to sink."

Ikey—"Vell, let it sink; it don't belong to us,"

Isaac Sosinski went to Europe last summer. He had a gold watch worth \$200. The ship commences to sink, and he tried to sell it for \$1.85.

Treasure Trove

—OR—

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A romance of stirring adventure and startling surprises.



CHAPTER I.

MY GRANDSIRE! WHAT OF HIM?"

"Is Master Redbuckle at home, sir?"

The speaker was a tall and lean man of about thirty-five, of spare build and sinewy dimensions, with a face tanned and scarred as of one who was seabred and had made the waters his habitation. Two long and snaky mustaches dangled wickedly on either side of a nose resembling a hawk's beak, while the furtive, black eyes of a cheetah winked and snapped under bushy black brows. The fingers twitched nervously at a brace of hooked pistols at his side as he glared at the small and pert old servant to whom he had directed the question.

"And if he were," answered the latter in a high treble, "if he were, I say, what business would he be transacting with such a knave as thou, thou yellow-skinned piccaroon! Help! Help!" as the other pinned him against the door with one swift cat-like movement of forearm. "Release me, bounder!"

"Here, here, gentlemen! How now? What? Blood! Tut, tut, but this is a foul way to behave on a Sabbath morn', and Yuletide, too!"

They turned and faced a stalwart youth of twenty who had emerged from

the house at the sound of blows. "And now, Jerry," this to the old servant who stood hugging a jaw among which the blood flowed freely, "bestir thyself to Master Fetherbone's for a cask of good red Bordeaux, and mind thou drink not a sample of't lest I crack thy grizzled pate! Well, Captain Kettlefish, what's the word, eh? You got my message? Good; inside, if ye will, sir, but we must settle this business before another hour, I say, for the lawyer fellow has arrived full twenty minutes."

The two presented a striking contrast as they entered the low-ceilinged oak-walled house; the younger man in a light snuff-colored brocade faced with green, with high-heeled shoes to harmonize; the other clad in dirty leather with red spotted stockings, and high-legged sea-boots, prevalent among sea-farers in the seventeenth century.

Once inside they seated themselves opposite at a table, by which was sitting a sharp-featured gentleman poring over a map of the Indies. He rose as they entered and came forward.

"This is Snip, the lawyer, Captain Kandy Kulefish." The two exchanged glances and resumed their seats. Snip cleared his throat and began:—

"Gentlemen, you are here to-day to discuss the probability and means of recovering the huge fortune left by Master Redbuckle's grandparent."

"My grandsire!" cried that same. "What of him! Save that he was a pirate, a freebooter and a rascal, and that he was hanged for murder at Whitechapel I know nothing of him, let alone of his leaving a fortune. Surely you—"

"Ah, sir," said Snip, much amused, "that is the crux of the question. He was hanged at Whitechapel as you say, for the murder of Cardinal Spaggetti, and in his pocket was found a will which bequeathed an immense fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. Yes, sir, you may look askance, but those are the figures— one hundred thousand pounds, and every penny, every penny, I say, belongs to Dick Redbuckle here; but," and here he assumed a look of wondrous cunning, "but the old rascal left it buried in an island in the Indies with only this silly doggerel as a clue to its whereabouts."

and he read in a sing-song voice the following:—

"For my grandson, Richard Redbuckle."

"Fit a frigate tight and sturdy,
Good for fight and weather-worthy.
Find the turquoise isle of Praeda,
If you find you're not afraid to;
Standing there on mountain side
On the left a goose is spied—
Now to eastward twenty paces,
Dig ten feet and there two cases
Filled with gold and bank-notes nifty,
Snow your grandpapa was thrifty,
That's about enough for you,
Eighteen and carfare! Skidoo! !"

"Panned by Simeon Redbuckle, 1585."

"Absurd, is it not?" said Snip, as he finished. "Yet there seems to be a hint in it of this treasure, and the mention of the Isle Praeda, ought to be a valuable clue; though where it is I don't know. I have studied the map of the West Indies for hours but cannot find the Island of Praeda; and he says that a goose is to be seen on the left of a mountain, but this is doubtless a frivolous piece of nonsense, as are the last two lines. But this Isle of Praeda must be found first, and that is why," he fixed a sharp eye on Captain Kuttlefish, "that is why I have summoned you—to take Dick here to the Indies, to Praeda."

The black eyes of the captain blinked and winked maliciously, "And me," he growled, "I will take Master Redbuckle and the handservant, Jerry Bowes, to the West Indies for fifty pounds, not a penny less! Do you accept? 'The Ghost' sails to-night at twelve."

"Done!" cried Master Redbuckle, "twenty-five pounds down, twenty-five when we cast anchor off Praeda. Well, now, Jerry, lad, place the cash on the table here. We sail to-night, Jerry, at twelve; so fill up your goblets, all. Here's to the voyage of 'The Ghost!' Here's to the finding of the treasure, and here's to Captain Kandy Kuttlefish! Health!"

But he did not observe how that worthy smirked wickedly over his glass.

(To be Continued.)

RIFF RAFF.

The first football practice was held on Monday, Sept. 17.

We should get up a subscription for ~~to~~ to get his hair cut.

Among the new boys are some fine singers. On Tuesday last "Bluebell" was sung most touchingly by Dickinson, at the back of the college. It was well attended, and we may look forward to more of these musical entertainments.

There are so many new boys that they'll mob us if we don't watch out.

Master (at beginning of term) — "Jones, what are you going to try, Toronto, McGill, or what?"

Jones—"I'm going to try what, sir."

Latin Scholar (seeing someone getting caned)—"Ah, the puer boy!"

A man went into a Jew clothing store and tried on a coat and vest. While the Jew turned to get the pants the man ran out of the store. A policeman came along and pulled out a revolver. The Jew called out, excitedly, "Hi, mister, shoot him in the pants; the coat and vest belongs to me."

"Ikey, there's a customer in the store who wants a blue suit. Change the skylight."

My best girl and I have had four or five little lovers' quarrels. We were in a hammock the first time we fell out, and to reconcile her I took her to a cigar store and bought her a Havana wrapper. I could always tell when she had her hair done up because I saw it in the papers in the morning. She had a young brother who was a thief. He was cross-eyed. He said he was honest, but he looks crooked. Once he stole a watch. A lawyer got hold of the case, and he got the works. He carried a shutter around with him, only for a blind. Another time he stole a horse and harness, and never even left a trace. It was funny the way he got out of jail. The governor was visiting there one day, and her brother accidentally stepped on

his foot. He said, "Pardon me, governor," and the governor did.

He finally died and left a lot of money. A policeman shot him before he could get out of the bank with it.

The deepest Atlantic sounding yet discovered is 27,866 feet. It was taken 100 miles north of Porto Rico. The Pacific has a spot near Guam, 4,300 feet deeper.

A TUNNEL EPISODE.

Maiden seated in the train,
Pocket full of money,
Down beside her sits a man—
Maiden thinks it's funny.

Quickly speeds the train along,
In the tunnel enters.
Maiden's thought most anxiously
On her pocket centres.

Quietly her little hand,
Toward the money stealing,
Finds a hand already there,
Robbery revealing.

Fiercely clutches she the hand,
On hysterics verging,
Waiting till the train shall be
From the dark emerging.

Into sunlight now at last
Train shoots like a rocket,
Maiden finds she has her hand
In the stranger's pocket.

—Judge

THE TEN AUTO COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt not scorch on the public roads or challenge thine enemy to a race on same.
2. Thou shalt not boast of thy mileage or of the tires, for pride goeth before a puncture.
3. Thou shalt not gaily pass another by and refuse assistance, for thou may be in a like condition some day.
4. Remember thy spark plugs and keep them clean and thy batteries charged.
5. Thou shalt not neglect to work for good roads so that thy going shall be smooth.
6. Fill thy tanks with gasoline before starting on a journey so that you

may not be stuck in the woods miles from home.

7. Honor an honest repairer, but keep tabs on the chauffeur, so that thy automobile be not abused.

8. Do unto the drivers of other vehicles as you would have them do to you.

9. Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbor's pump, nor his jack, nor his tube, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

10. Thou shalt not try to improve on the work of thy manufacturer, because they that take lessons from schools of correspondence are of times shy of knowledge.

MISNOMERS WHICH ARE WRONGLY USED.

Custom and usage have made the misapplication of some words so familiar that they have lost their original meaning, and now signify quite the opposite. The word "slave," for instance, is a striking example of this fact. The Slavi were a tribe which once dwelt on the banks of the Dneiper, and derived their name from "slav," which means noble or illustrious. In the later days of the Roman Empire vast numbers of them spread over Europe in the condition of captive servants, and the name of the tribe came to mean the lowest state of servitude—the very antithesis of its original sense.

Some of our commonest expressions are misnomers which seem to be absolutely unaccountable, yet we shall probably go on using them to the end of time.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Kid gloves are not made of kid, but of lambskin or sheepskin.

German silver is not silver at all, nor of German origin, but has been used in China for centuries.

Dutch clocks are of German manufacture.

Baffin's Bay is not a bay.

Turkish baths are unknown to the Turks.

Turkey rhubarb should be called Russian rhubarb, as it is a Russian monopoly.

Why are turkeys so called? They
do not come from Turkey.
Titmouse is a bird,
Sealing wax contains no wax.
Shrew-mouse is no mouse.
Rice-paper is not made of rice or the
rice plant.
Catgut should be sheepgut.
Blind worms have eyes and can see.

HOTEL REGULATIONS.

1. This hotel is located on a delightful bluff, and is run on the same order.
2. Anybody wishing to see the manager will find him in the hotel across the road, as he does not stop here.
3. Married men without baggage, must leave their wives in the office.
4. If you have any money when going to bed give it to the night clerk, as he will take it anyway.
5. Old men are not allowed to play in the hallways.
6. In case of fire jump out of the window and turn to the left.
7. Do not walk in your sleep, as it annoys the bed bugs.
8. If you cannot find any paper in the writing-room, go up to your bedroom and take a sheet off the bed.
9. Guests must not smoke in their rooms, as there is a lamp for that purpose.
10. If you feel the pillow slip onto the floor, get out of bed and sleep on the carpet.
11. If you are hungry during the night, eat the jamb off the door.
12. If it is too warm, open the window and see the fire-escape.

NEW VERSION.

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full
of rye,
Four-and-twenty key holes stare him
in the eye,
When the door was opened, his wife
began to chin,
"Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow
in?"

"Did your father leave your mother
much?"
"Oh, only about three times a
week."

TROUBLE ON A MOTOR CAR.

The Tank called the Gasoline dirty,
The remark made the water boil,
The Engine got hot in a minute,
And said it was Spit-off the Coil;
The Shafts then began to get cranky,
The Wheel thought he'd give them a
steer,
When the Carburetor tried to get
loaded,
The Transmission got all out of
gear.
The Clock called the Car an old
woman,
With her bonnet, apron and fan,
The Clamps tried to break the Accuser
But couldn't get out of the Pan.
The Mats said the Seats had false hair,
And proved it by pulling the switch;
Could the Engine have shaken his
Jacket,
He'd have thrown himself into the
ditch;
The Rim said the Chain was a golfer,
Because he had links of his own,
The Chain said his clubs were the
levers,
And the balls he stole from the Cone.
The Radiator said he felt cooler,
Now that the Muffler was off,
And was sorry it shocked the Absorber
To hear the poor Horn with a cough.
If the Gas hadn't been so exhausted,
He'd have called down the Valves
good and hard
For getting stuck up like the Oilers,
And forcing the Spark to retard.
Then in fear the Cone clutched the
Fly-wheel,
The latter was strong for a spin,
But the Spark tried to jump the whole
contract,
So the Cogs didn't dare to butt in.
The Wires were for doing a Circuit,
But the wheels were so horribly
tired,
That when the Hub spoke to the Axle,
The Car said it couldn't be hired.
All this trouble would never have
happened,—
I assert it because I was there.—
If the chauffeur hadn't twisted the
Handle,
And started the whole damn affair.
—J. L. E. P.

A BAD DEBT.

The mosquito lit on the sleeping man,
 And looked for a place to drill.
 "The world owes me a living," he
 said,
 And at once sent in his bill.
 —Baltimore American.

A pound of the finest spider web
 would stretch around the world.

The salmon can travel at the rate of
 25 miles an hour for a short distance.

A search-light of 100,000 candle power
 will render print visible at a distance
 of 20 miles.

Carp and pike have both been
 known to have lived over two centuries.

Two ounces of attar of roses represent
 the product of a ton of rosebuds.

"Is your sister ever out of temper?"

"I should say not. She's got it to
 give away."

When a lawyer named Strange died,
 his relatives just put on his tombstone
 the inscription: "Here lies an honest
 lawyer," the people always knew who
 it was, because they would say when
 they saw it, "That's strange."

Is a telephone girl's occupation a profession
 or a business,

Neither, it's a calling.

Outside a tailor's shop was this sign,
 Pants, \$2.50 a leg.
 Seats free.

THE DAY BOYS' LAMENT.



Walk, walk, walk,
 In the midst of summer's heat
 To the grim abode
 On Avenue road,
 O'er miles of dusty street.

There was a weary day boy
 From resting forced aloof.
 And as he beat
 It along the street,
 He sang this song of the hoof:—

Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 In your side you're bound to feel
 For no tracks are there
 On the roadway bare,
 Nix! you've reached the end of steel.

Pike, pike, pike,
 As the bell to your ears is borne,
 And it's oh if your toots
 Were in seven-leagued boots!
 And you sigh for an auto's horn.

Late, late, late,
 Is the song the bell must peal,
 As you stagger and run,
 In the sizzling sun,
 With blisters on toe and heel.

Wain, walk, wain,
 Said the weary day-boy, "Woof!
 It's mighty tough,
 But it ain't no bluff!"
 And he sang the song of the hoof.

—J. S.
 (Next week will contain "The
 Boarders' Lament," by the same
 author.)